

THE
HIND
AND THE
PANTHER
TRANSVERSED
TO
The STORY of
The *Country-Mouse*,
AND
The *City-Mouse*.

Much Malice mingled with a little Wit.

Hind and Panther.

Nec *vult* Panthera *domari*.

Quæ Genus.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. HOOKE, M.DCC.XX.VII.

THE
HIND
AND THE
PAINTED

TRANSLATED

The Country-Mouse

AND

The City-Mouse.

With many beautiful engravings
and a full description of the
country and city mice.

LONDON:
Printed for J. HODGKINS, 17, Pall Mall.



T H E
P R E F A C E.



THE Favourers of the Hind and Panther will be apt to say in its Defence, that the best Things are capable of being turned to Ridicule; that Homer has been Burlesqued, and Virgil Travestied without suffering anything in their Reputation from that Buffoonry; and that in like manner, the Hind and the Panther may be an exact Poem, tho tis the Subject of our Raillery: But there is this difference, that those Authors were wrested from their true Sense, and this naturally falls into Ridicule; there is nothing represented here as monstrous and unnatural, which is not equally so in the Original. First as to the General Design, Is it not as Easie to imagine two Mice bilk-ing Coachmen, and supping at the Devil; as to
A 2 *suppose*

The P R E F A C E.

suppose a Hind entertaining the Panther at a Hermit's Cell, discussing the greatest Mysteries of Religion, and telling you her son Rodriguez writ very good Spanish? What can be more improbable and contradictory to the Rules and Examples of all Fables, and to the very design and use of them? They were first begun and raised to the highest Perfection in the Eastern Countries; where they were wrote in Signs and spoke in Parables, and delivered the most useful Precepts in delightful Stories; which for their Aptness were entertaining to the most Judicious, and led the Vulgar into understanding by surprizing them with their Novelty, and fixing their Attention. All their Fables carry a double meaning; the Story is one and intire; the Characters the same throughout, not broken or changed, and always conformable to the Nature of the Creatures they introduce. They never tell you that the Dog which snapt at a Shadow, lost his Troop of Horse, that would be unintelligible; a piece of Flesh is proper for him to drop, and the Reader will apply it to Mankind; they would not say that the Daw who was so proud of her borrowed Plumes lookt very ridiculous when Rodriguez came and took away all the Book but the 17th, 24th, and 25th Chapters, which he stole from him: But this is his new way of telling a Story, and confounding the Moral and the Fable together.

Before

The P R E F A C E.

Before the Word was written, said the *Hind*,
Our Saviour Preach'd the Faith to all Mankind.

What relation has the Hind to our Saviour? or what notion have we of a Panther's Bible? If you say he means the Church, how does the Church feed on Lawns, or range in the Forest? Let it be always a Church, or always the cloven Footed Beast, for we cannot bear his shifting the Scene every Line. If it is absurd in Comedies to make a Peasant talk in the strain of a Hero, or a Country Wench use the Language of the Court; how monstrous is it to make a Priest of a Hind, and a Parson of a Panther; to bring 'em in disputing with all the Formalities and Terms of the School? Tho as to the Arguments themselves, these, we confess, are suited to the Capacity of the Beasts, and if we would suppose a Hind expressing herself about these matters, she would talk at that Rate.

As to the Absurdity of his Expressions, there is nothing wrested to make them ridiculous, the Terms are sometimes altered to make the Blunder more visible; Knowledge misunderstood is not at all better sense than Understanding misunderstood, though it is confess'd the Author can play with Words so well, that this and twenty such will pass off at a slight reading.

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There are other mistakes which could not be brought in, for they were too gross for Bayes himself to commit. 'Tis hard to conceive how any Man could censure the Turks for Gluttony, a People that debauch in Coffee, are voluptuous in a Mess of Rice, and keep the strictest Lent, without the Pleasures of a Carnival to encourage them. But 'tis almost impossible to think that any Man who had not renounced his Senses, should read Duncomb for

*Difference be-
twixt a Pro-
testant and So-
cinian, p. 62.*

Allen. He had been told that Mr. Allen had written a Discourse of Humility; to which he wisely answers, that that magnified Piece of Duncomb's was translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez; and to set it beyond dispute, makes the infallible Guide affirm the same thing. There are

few mistakes, but one may imagine how a Man fell into them, or at least what he aim'd at; but what likeness is there between Duncomb and Allen? do they so much as Rhime?

*We may have this comfort under the Severity of his Satire, to see his Abilities equally lessened with his Opinion of us; and that he could not be a fit Champion against the Panther till he had laid aside all his Judgment. But we must applaud his Obedience to his new Mother Hind; she Disciplined him severely, she com-
manded*

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manded him, it seems, to sacrifice
 his darling Fame, and to do it ef- Page 90.
 fectually he published this learned
 Piece. This is the favourable Constrution we
 would put on his Faults, tho he takes care to
 inform us, that it was done from no Imposition,
 but out of a natural Propensity he has to Ma-
 lice, and a particular Inclination of doing Mis-
 chief. What else could provoke him
 to libel the Court, blaspheme Kings, Pref.
 abuse the whole Scotch Nation, rail
 at the greatest Part of his own, and lay all
 the Indignities imaginable on the
 only established Religion? And we Page 87.
 must now congratulate him in this
 Felicity, that there is no Sect or Denomination
 of Christians, whom he has not abused.

Thus far his Arms have with Success been
 crown'd.

Let Turks, Jews and Infidels look to them-
 selves, he has already begun the War upon
 them. When once a Conqueror grows thus
 dreadful, 'tis the Interest of all his Neighbours
 to oppose him, for there is no Alliance to be made
 with one that will face about, and destroy his
 Friends, and like a second Almanzor, change
 sides meerly to keep his Hand in ure. This he-
 roick Temper of his has created him some E-
 nemies,

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nemies, that did by no means affect Hostility; and he may observe this Candor in the Management, that none of his Works are concerned in these Papers, but his last Piece; and I believe he is sensible this is a Favour. I was not ambitious of laughing at any Persuasion, or making Religion the Subject of such a Trifle; so that no Man is here concerned, but the Author himself, and nothing ridiculed but his way of arguing.

But, Gentlemen, if you won't take it so, you must grant my Excuse is more reasonable than our Author's to the Dissenters.

N.B. The References, in the following Tract are made to the Quarto-Edition of the Hind and Panther.



THE

THE
HIND
AND THE
PANTHER

Transversed

To the Story of the
Country and the City-Mouse.

Bayes. Johnson. Smith.

Johnson.

HAH! my old Friend Mr. Bayes, what lucky chance has thrown me upon you? Dear Rogue, let me embrace thee.

Bayes. Hold, at your peril, Sir, stand off and come not within my Sword's point, for if you are not come over to the *Pref. p. 1.* Royal Party, I expect neither fair war, nor fair quarter from you.

Johns. How, draw upon your Friend? and assault your old Acquaintance? O' my Conscience my intentions were honourable.

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Bayes. Conscience! Ay, ay, I know the deceit of that word well enough, let me have Pref. ib. the marks of your Conscience before I trust it, for if it be not of the stamp with mine, 'Gad I may be knockt down for all your fair promises.

Smith. Nay, prithee *Bayes*, what damned Villany hast thou been about, that thou art under these apprehensions? upon my Honour I'm thy Friend; yet thou lookest as sneaking and frightened, as a Dog that has been worrying Pref. ib. Sheep.

Bayes. Ay Sir, *The Nation is in too high a ferment for me to expect any mercy, or I'gad, to trust any body.*

Smith. But why this to us, my old Friend, who you know never trouble our heads with National-Concerns, till the third bottle has taught us as much of Politicks, as the next does of Religion?

Bayes. Ah Gentlemen, leave this profaneness, I am altered since you saw me, and cannot bear this loose talk now; Mr. *Johnson*, you are a Man of Parts, let me desire you to read the *Guide of Controversy*; and Mr. *Smith*, I would recommend to you the *Considerations* Page. 5. on the Council of Trent, and so Gentlemen your humble Servant. —

Good life be now my Task.

Johns. Nay Faith, we wont part so: believe us we are both your Friends; let us step to the *Rose* for one quarter of an hour, and talk over old Stories.

Bayes.

Bayes. I ever took you to be Men of Honour, and for your sakes I will transgress as far as one Pint.

Johns. Well Mr. Bayes, many a merry bout have we had in this House, and shall have again; I hope: Come, what Wine are you for?

Bayes. Gentlemen, do you as you please, for my Part he shall bring me a single Pint of any thing.

Smith. How so, Mr. Bayes, have you lost your palate? you have been more curious.

Bayes. True, I have so, but senses must be starved that the soul may be gratified. Men of your Kidney make the senses the supream Judge, and therefore bribe 'em high, but we have laid both the use and pleasure of 'em aside.

Smith. What, is not there good eating and drinking on both sides? you make the separation greater than I thought it.

Bayes. No, no, whenever you see a fat Rosie-coloured fellow, take it from me, he is either a Protestant or a Turk.

Johns. At that rate, Mr. Bayes, one might suspect your Conversion; methinks thou hast as much the face of an Heretick as ever I saw.

Bayes. Such was I, such by nature still I am. But I hope e're long I shall have drawn this pamper'd Paunch fitter for the strait Gate.

Smith. Sure, Sir, you are in ill hands; your Confessor gives you more severe rules than he practises; for not long ago a fat Friar was thought a true Character.

Bayes. Things were misrepresented to me : I confess I have been unfortunate in some of my Writings ; but since you have put me upon that subject, I'll shew you a thing I have in my Pocket shall wipe off all that, or I am mistaken.

Smith. Come, now thou art like thy self again. Here's the *King's* health to thee — Communicate.

Bayes. Well, Gentlemen, here it is, and I will be bold to say, the exactest Piece the World ever saw, a *Non Parvillo* I faith. But I must bespeak your pardons if it reflects any thing upon your Persuasion.

Johns. Use your Liberty, Sir, you know we are no *Bigots*.

Bayes. Why then you shall see me lay the *Reformation* on its back, I'gad, and justify our Religion by the Way of *Fable*.

Johns. An apt contrivance indeed ! what do you make a *Fable* of your Religion ?

Bayes. Ay I'gad, and without *Morals* too ; for I tread in no Man's Steps ; and to shew you how far I can out-do any thing that ever was writ in this kind, I have taken *Horace's* design, but I'gad, have so outdone him, you shall be ashamed for your old Friend. You remember in him the *Story* of the *Country-Mouse*, and the *City-Mouse* ; what a plain simple thing it is, it has no more Life and Spirit in it, I'gad, than a Hobby-horse ; and his *Mice* talk so meanly, such common stuff, so like mere *Mice*, that I wonder it has pleased the World so long. But now will I undeceive *Mankind*, and teach them to beighten, and elevate a *Fable*. I will bring

bring you in the very same *Mice* disputing the depth of *Philosophy*, searching into the Fundamentals of *Religion*, quoting *Texts*, *Fathers*, *Councils*, and all that I'gad, as you shall see either of them could easily make an Ass of a *Country Vicar*. Now whereas *Horace* keeps to the dry naked Story, I have more copiousness than to do that, I'gad. Here, I draw you general *Characters*, and describe all the *Beasts* of the *Creation*; there, I launch out into long *Digressions*, and leave my *Mice* for twenty pages together; then I fall into *Raptures*, and make the Finest *Soliloquies*, as would ravish you. Won't this do, think you?

Johns. Faith, Sir, I don't well conceive you; all this about two *Mice*?

Bayes. Ay, why not? is it not great and heroical; but come, you'll understand it better when you hear it; and pray be as severe as you can, I'gad I defy all *Criticks*. Thus it begins.

*A milk-white Mouse immortal and unchang'd
Fed on soft Cheese, and o'er the Dairy rang'd;
Without unspotted; innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no Ginn.*

Page 1.

Johns. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, soft Cheese is a little too coarse Diet for an *immortal Mouse*; were there any necessity for her eating, you should have consulted *Homer* for some *Celestial Provision*.

Bayes.

Bayes. Faith, Gentlemen, I did so; but indeed I have not the *Latin* one, which I have marked by me, and could not readily find it in the Original.

Yet had she oft been scar'd by bloody Claws Pag. 1.
Of winged Owls, and stern Grimalkin's Paws
Aim'd at her destin'd Head, which made her fly, P. 2.
Tho She was doom'd to Death, and fated not to die

Smith. How came she that *feared no Danger* in the Line before, to be scared in this, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Why then you may have it *chas'd* if you will; for I hope a Man may run away without being *afraid*, mayn't he?

Johns. But pray give me leave; how was She *doomed to Death*, if She was *fated not to die*? are not *doom* and *fate* much the same thing?

Bayes. Nay, Gentlemen, if you question my skill in the Language, I am your humble Servant; the *Rogues* the *Criticks*, that will allow me nothing else, give me that; sure I that made the Word, know best what I meant by it; I assure you, *doom'd* and *fated* are quite different Things.

Smith. Faith, Mr. Bayes, if you were *doom'd* to be hanged, whatever you were *fated* to, 'twould give you but small Comfort.

Bayes. Never trouble your head with that, Mr. Smith, mind the business in hand.

Not so her young; their Linsy-woolsy line, Pag. 2.
Was Hero's make, half human, half Divine.

Smith.

Smith. Certainly these Hero's, half Human, half Divine, have very little of the Mouse their Mother.

Bayes. Gadfokers! Mr. Johnson, does your Friend think I mean nothing but a Mouse by all this? I tell thee, Man, I mean a Church, and these young Gentlemen her Sons, signify Priests, Martyrs, and Confessors, that were hang'd in Oates's Plot. There's an excellent Latin Sentence, which I had a Mind to bring in, *Sanguis Martyrum semen Ecclesiae*, and I think I have not wronged it in the Translation.

*Of these a slaughter'd Army lay in Blood, Pag. 2.
Whose sanguine Seed increas'd the sacred Brood;
She multiply'd by these, now rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the Kingdoms once her own. P. 3.*

Smith. Was she alone when the sacred Brood was increased?

Bayes. Why thy Head's running on the Mouse again; but I hope a Church may be alone, though the Members be increased, mayn't it?

Johns. Certainly, Mr. Bayes, a Church which is a diffusive Body of Men, can much less be said to be alone.

Bayes. But are you really of that opinion? Take it from me, Mr. Johnson, you are wrong; however to oblige you, I'll clap in some Simile or other, about the Children of Israel, and it shall do.

Smith. Will you pardon me one Word more, Mr. Bayes? What could the Mouse (for I suppose
you

you mean her now) do more than *range* in the *Kingdoms*, when they were her own?

Bayes. Do? why She *reigned*? had a *Diadem*, *Sceptre*, and *Ball*, till they depos'd her.

Smith. Now her Sons are so *increas'd*, She may try t'other pull for't.

Bayes. I'gad, and so she may before I have done with Her; it has cost me some pains to clear her Title. Well but Mum for that, Mr.

Smith. *She was a Hind, and I think I have*

The common hunt, She tim'rously past by, Pag. 3.

For they made tame, *disdain'd* her Company;

They grinn'd, She in a Fright *tript* o'er the Green,

For She was *lov'd*, wherever She was *seen*.

Johns. Well said, little Bayes, I'faith the Critick must have a great deal of leisure, that attacks those Verses.

Bayes. I'gad, I'll warrant who e'er he is *offender folio*; but I go on.

The Independent Beast.—— Page 3.

Smith. Who is that, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Why a Bear: Pox, is not that obvious enough?

—— *In Groans her hate exprest,*

Which, I'gad, is very natural to that *Animal*.

Well! there's for the *Independent*: Now the

Quaker; what do you think I call him?

Smith. Why, A Bull, for aught I know.

Bayes. A Bull! O Lord! A Bull! no, no,

a *bare*, a *quaking bare*.—— *Armarillis*, because

She wears *Armonr*, 'tis the same Figure; and I

am proud to say it, Mr. Johnson, no Man knows how to pun in *Heroicks* but my self, well you shall hear.

She thought, and reason good, the quaking hare,
Her cruel Foe, because *she would not swear*,
And had profess'd *neutrality*, Pag. 3.

Johns. A shrewd Reason that, Mr. Bayes; but what Wars were there?

Bayes. Wars! why there had been bloody Wars, tho' they were pretty well reconcil'd now. Yet to bring in two or three such fine things as these, I don't tell you the Lyon's Peace was proclaim'd till fifty pages after, tho' 'twas really done before I had finish'd my Poem.

Next her, the Buffoon Ape his body bent, Pag. 3.
And paid at Church a Courtier's compliment.

That gauls somewhere; I'gad I can't leave it off, tho' I were cudgelled every day for it.

The brist'd Baptist Boar, impure as he. Pag. 4.

Smith. As who?

Bayes. As the Courtier, let 'em e'en Pag. 86.
take it as they will, I'gad, I seldom come amongst 'em.

Was whiten'd with the Foam of Sanctity. Pag. 10.

The Wolf with Belly-gaunt his rough crest rears,
And pricks up. ——— Now in one Word will I
abuse the whole Party most damnably ——— and
pricks

pricks up. ——— I'gad, I am sure you'll Laugh
his *Predestinating Ears*. Prethee, Mr.
Johnson, remember little *Bayes*, when next you
see a *Presbyterian*, and take notice if he has not
Predestination in the Shape of his *Ear*: I have
studied Men so long, I'll undertake to know an
Arminian, by the setting of his Wig. His *Predesti-*
nating Ears, I'gad, there's ne'er a *Presbyterian*
shall dare shew his Head without a Border: I'll
put em to that expence.

Smith. Pray Mr. *Bayes*, if any of 'em should
come over to the *Royal Party*, would their *Ears*
alter?

Bayes. Would they? Ay, I'gad, they would
shed their *Fanatical Lugs*, and have just such well-
turned *Ears* as I have; mind this *Ear*, this is a true
Roman Ear, mine are much changed for the bet-
ter within this two Years.

Smith. Then if ever the Party should chance
to fail, you might lose 'em, for *what may change,*
may fall.

Bayes. Mind, mind ———
These fiery Zuinglius, meagre Calvin bred. Pag. 11:

Smith. Those I suppose are some Out-Landish
Beasts, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. Beasts; a good Mistake! Why they
were the chief *Reformers*, but here I put 'em in
so bad Company because they were Enemies to
my *Mouſe*; and anon when I am warmed, I'gad,
you shall hear me call 'em *Doctors*,
Pag. 39. *Captains, Horses, and Horsemen*, in the
very same Breath. You shall hear how
I go on now.

Or

Or else reforming *Corab* spawn'd this *Class*,
When opening *Earth* made way for all to pass. P. 11.

Johns. For all, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Yes, They are all lost there, but some
of 'em were thrown up again at the *Leman-Lake* :
as a Catholick *Queen* sunk at *Charing-Cross*, and
rose again at *Queenhitb*.

The Fox and he came shuffling in the dark,
If ever they were stow'd in *Noah's Ark*. Pag. 11.

Here I put a Quære, whether there were any *Soci-*
nians before the *Flood*, which I'm not very well
satisfied in? I have been lately apt to believe that
the *World* was drowned for that *Heresy* ; which
among *Friends* made me leave it.

Quicken'd with *Fire* below, these *Monsters* breed
In *Fenny Holland*, and in *Fruitful Tweed*. P. 12.

Now to write something new and out of the way,
elevate and surprize, and all that, I fetch, you see,
this *Quickening Fire* from the Bottom of *Boggs* and
Rivers.

Johns. Why, *Faith*, that's as ingenious a *Contriv-*
ance as the *Virtuoso's* making a burning-Glass of
Ice.

Bayes. Why was there ever any such a thing?
Let me perish if ever I heard of it. The *Fan-*
cy was sheer-new to me ; and I thought no
Man had reconcil'd those *Elements* but my self.
Well, *Gentlemen* ! Thus far I have followed *An-*
tiquity,

tiquity, and as *Homer* has number'd his Ships, so I have ranged my Beasts. Here is my *Boar* and my *Bear*, and my *Fox*, and my *Wolf*, and the rest of 'em, all against my poor *Mouſe*. Now what do you think I do with all these?

Smith. Faith I don't know, I ſuppoſe you make 'em fight.

Bayes. Fight! I'gad I'd as ſoon make 'em Dance. No, I do no earthly thing with 'em, nothing at all, I'gad: I think they have played their Parts ſufficiently already; I have walk'd 'em out, ſhew'd 'em to the Company, and rais'd your Expectation. And now whiſt you hope to ſee 'em baited, and are dreaming of Blood and Fattles, they ſculk off, and you hear no more of 'em.

Smith. Why, Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, now you have been at ſuch Expence in ſetting forth their Characters, it had been too much to have gone thro' with 'em.

Bayes. I'gad ſo it had: And then I'll tell you another thing, 'tis not every one that reads a Poem thro'. And therefore I fill the firſt Part with Flowers, Figures, fine Language, and all that; and then I'gad ſink by degrees, till at laſt I write but little better than other People. And whereas moſt Authors creep ſervilely after the old Fellows, and ſtrive to grow upon their Readers: I take another Courſe, I bring in all my characters together, and let 'em ſee I could go on with 'em; but I'gad I wo'nt.

Johnſ. Could go on with 'em, Mr. *Bayes*! there's no body doubts that; You have a moſt particular *Genius* that way.

Bayes.

Bayes. Oh! Dear Sir, You are mighty obliging: But I must needs say at a *Fable* or an *Emblem*, I think no Man comes near me, indeed I have studied it more than any Man. Did you ever take notice, Mr. *Johnson*, of a little thing that has taken mightily about Town, a *Cat with a Top-knot*?

Johns. Faith, Sir, 'tis mighty pretty, I saw it at the *Coffee-House*.

Bayes. 'Tis a Trifle hardly worth owning; I was t'other Day at *Will's* throwing out something of that Nature; and I'gad, the Hint was taken, and out came that Picture; indeed the poor Fellow was so civil to present we with a Dozen of 'em for my Friends, I think I have one here in my Pocket; would you please to accept it, Mr. *Johnson*?

Johns. Really 'tis very ingenious.

Bayes. Oh Lord! Nothing at all, I could design twenty of 'em in an Hour, if I had but witty Fellows about me to draw them. I was proffered a Pension to go into *Holland*, and contrive their *Emblems*; but hang 'em they are dull Rogues, and would spoil my Invention. But come, Gentlemen, let us return to our Business, and here I'll give you a delicate description of a Man.

Smith. But how does that come in?

Bayes. Come in? very Naturally. I was talking of a *Wolf*, and that supposes a Wood, and then I clap an Epithet to it, and call it a *Celtick Wood*. Now when I was there, I could not help thinking of the *French Persecution*, and I'gad from all these thoughts I took occasion to rail at the

the *French King*, and shew that he was not of the same make with other Men, which thus I prove.

*The Divine Blacksmith in th' Abyss of Light,
Yawning and lolling with a careless beat, P. 15.
Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat.*

But he work'd hard to Hammer out our Souls,
He blew the Bellows and stirr'd up the Coals;
Long time he thought, and cou'd not on a sudden
Knead up with unskim'd Milk this reas'ning Pudding:
Pag. 19.

Tender, and mild within its Bag it lay
Confessing still the softness of its Clay,
And kind as Milk-Maids on their Wedding-Day. }
Till *Pride of Empire, Lust,* and hot Desire
Did over-boil him, like too great a Fire,
And understanding grown, *misunderstood,*
Burn'd Him to th' Pot, and scour'd his curdled
(Blood.

Johns. But sure this is a little profane, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Not at all: Does not *Virgil* bring in his good *Vulcan* working at the *Anvil*?

Johns. Ay, Sir, but never thought his Hands the fitter to make a Pudding.

Bayes. Why do you imagine Him an Earthly dirty *Blacksmith*? 'Gad you make it prophane indeed. I'll tell you there's as much difference betwixt

betwixt 'em, I'gad, as betwixt my Man and Milton's. But now, Gentlemen, the Plot thickens, here comes my i'other Mouse, the City-Mouse.

A spotted Mouse, the prettiest next the white, P. 16.
Ah! were her spots wash'd out, as pretty quite,
With *Phylacteries* on her Forehead spread, P. 23.
Crozier in Hand, and Mitre on her Head. P. 22.
Three Steeples Argent on her sable Shield. P. 84.
Liv'd in the City, and disdain'd the Fiela.

Johns. This is a Glorious Mouse indeed! but as you have dress'd her, we don't know whether she be Jew, Papist, or Protestant.

Bayes. Let me embrace you, Mr. Johnson, for that; you take it right. She is a sneer Babel of Religions, and therefore she's a spotted Mouse here, and will be a Mule presently. But to go on.

This Princess——

Smith. What Princess, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Why this Mouse, for I forgot to tell you, an Old Lyon made a left Pag. 10.
Hand Marriage with her Mother, and begot on her body Elizabeth Schism, who was married to Timothy Sacrilege, and had Issue Graceless Heresy. Who all give the same Coat with their Mother, three Steeples Argent, as I told you before.

This Princess, tho' estrang'd from what was best,
Was least Deform'd, because Reform'd the least. P. 23.
There's

There's *De* and *Re* as good I'gad as ever was.
She in a Masquerade of Mirth and Love, P. 22.
 Mistook the Bliss of Heaven for Bacchanals above,
 And grubb'd the Thorns beneath our tender Feet;
 To make the Paths of Paradise more sweet.

There's a Jolly Mouse for you, let me see any
 Body else that can shew you such another. Here
 now have I one damnable, severe, reflecting Line,
 but I want a Rhime to it; can you help me, Mr.
 Johnson?

She——

Humbly content to be despis'd at Home,

Johns. Which is too narrow Infamy for some.

Bayes. Sir, I thank you, now I can go on with
 it.

Whose Merits are diffus'd from Pole to Pole, P. 63.
Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can roll.

Johns. But does not this reflect upon some of
 your Friends, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, let me alone
 to bring myself off. I'll tell you, lately I writ
 a damn'd Libel on a whole Party, sheer-Point
 and Satire all through, I'gad: Called 'em Rogues,
 Dogs, and all the Names I could think of, but
 with an exceeding deal of Wit, that I must
 needs say. Now it happened before I could
 finish this Piece, the Scheme of Affairs was al-
 tered,

tered, and those People were no longer Beasts: Here was a Plunge now: Should I lose my Labour, or Libel my Friends? 'Tis not every Body's Talent to find a *Salvo* for this: But what do Me, I but write a smooth, delicate Preface, wherein I tell them that *the Satire was not intended to them*, and this did the Business.

Smith. But if it was not intended to them against whom it was writ, certainly it had no meaning at all.

Bayes. Poh! there's the Trick on't: Poor Fools, they took it, and were satisfied: And yet it maul'd 'em damnably, I'gad.

Smith. Why Faith, Mr. Bayes, there's this very contrivance in the *Preface to Dear Joy's Jest*s.

Bayes. What a devil do you think that I'd steal from such an Author? Or ever read it?

Smith. I can't tell, but you sometimes read as bad. I have heard you quote *Reynard the Fox*.

Bayes. Why there's it now; take it from me, Mr. Smith, there is as good *Morality*, and as sound Precepts, in the *Delectable History of Reynard the Fox*, as in any Book I know, except *Seneca*. Pray tell me where in any other Author cou'd I have found so pretty a Name for a Wolf as *Isgrim*? But prithee, Mr. Smith, give me no more trouble, and let me go on with my Mouse.

One Evening, when she went away from Court,
Levee's and Conchee's past without resort. P. 29.

There's Court Language for you ; nothing gives
a Verse so fine a turn as an Air of good Breed-
ing.

Smith. But methinks the *Levee's and Couchee's*
of a *Mouse* are too great, especially when she is
walking from Court to the cooler Shades.

Bayes. I'gad now have you forgot what I told
you, that she was a *Princess*. But pray mind here
the two Mice meet.

She met the Country Mouse, whose *fearful Face*
Bebeld from far the common wat'ring Place,
Nor durst approach————— P. 29.

Smith. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, this *Mouse* is
strangely alter'd since she *fear'd no danger*.

Bayes. Gadsfokers! why no more she does not
yet, fear either Man, or Beast: But poor Creature,
she's afraid of the Water, for she could not swim,
as you see by this.

Nor durst approach, till with an awful Roar
The Sov'raign Lyon bad her fear no more. P. 30.

But besides, 'tis above thirty Pages off that I told
you she *fear'd no Danger*; and I'gad if you will
have no variation of the Character, you must have
the same thing over and over again; 'tis the Beauty
of Writing to strike you still with something new.
Well but to proceed.

But when she had this sweetest Mouse in view,
Good Lord, how she admir'd her *Heav'nly Hue!*

Page 30.

Here now to shew you I am Master of all Stiles,
I let my self down from the *Majesty* of *Virgil* to
the *Sweetness* of *Ovid*.

Good Lord, how she admir'd her heav'nly Hue!

What more easy and familiar! I writ this Line for
the *Ladies*: The little Rogues will be so fond of
me to find I can yet be so tender. I hate such
a rough unhewn Fellow as *Milton*, that a Man
must sweat to read him; I'gad you may run over
this and be almost asleep.

Th' Immortal Mouse, who saw the *Viceroy* come
So far to see her, did invite her home.

There's a pretty Name now for the spotted Mouse,
the *Viceroy*.

Smith. But pray why d'ye call her so?

Bayes. Why! Because it sounds prettily:

I'll call her the *Crown-General* presently, If I've
a Mind to it. Well. Page 55.

———did invite her Home

To smoak a Pipe, and o'er a sober Pot

Discourse of *Oates* and *Bedloe*, and the *Plot*.

She made a Court'sy, like a Civil Dame, P. 31.

And, being much a Gentlewoman, came.

Well, Gentlemen, here's my First Part Page. 32.

finish'd, and I think I have kept my

Word with you, and given it the *Majestick turn*
of heroick Poesie. The rest being matter of Dis-
pute, I had not such frequent occasion for the
magnificence of Verse, tho' I'gad they speak very

well. And I have heard *Men*, and *considerable Men* too, talk the very same things, a great deal worse,

Johns. Nay, without doubt, Mr. *Bayes*, they have receiv'd no small advantage from the smoothness of your Numbers.

Bayes. Ay, ay, I can do't, if I list: Though you must not think I have been so dull as to mind these things my self, but 'tis the advantage of our *Coffee-house*, that from their talk one may write a very good *Polemical Discourse*, without ever troubling one's Head with the Books of *Controversy*. For I can take the slightest of their Arguments, and clap 'em pertly into four Verses, which shall stare any *London Divine* in the Face. Indeed, your knotty Reasonings with a long Train of *Majors* and *Minors*, and the Devil and all, are too barbarous for my stile; but I'gad, I can flourish better with one of these twinkling Arguments, than the best of 'em can fight with t'other. But we return to our *Mouse*, and now I've brought 'em together, let 'em e'en speak for themselves, which they will do extremely well, or I'm mistaken: And pray observe, Gentlemen, if in one you don't find all the delicacy of a luxurious *City-Mouse*, and in the other all the plain simplicity of a sober serious Matron.

Dame, said the Lady of the spotted Muff, P. 32.

Methinks your *Tiff* is sour, your *Catermeer* stuff.
There, did not I tell you she'd be nice?

Your Pipe's so foul, that I disdain to smoak;
And the weed worse than e'er *Tom. I—s took.*

Smith

The PANTHER Transvers'd. 21

Smith. I did not hear she had a *spotted Muff* before.

Bayes. Why no more she has not now: but she has a Skin that might make a *spotted Muff*. There's a pretty Figure now unknown to the Ancients.

Leave, leave (*† she's earnest you see*) this hoary
Shed and lonely Hills,
And eat with me at *Groleau's*, sinoak at *Will's*.
What Wretch would nibble on a Hanging-shelf,
When at *Pontack's* he may *Regale* himself?
Or to the House of cleanly *Rhenish* go:
Or that at *Charing-Cross*, or that in *Channel-Row*?

Do you mark me now? I would by this represent the Vanity of a *Town-Fop*, who pretends to be acquainted at all those good Houses, though perhaps he ne'er was in 'em. But hark! she goes on.

Come, at a Crown a Head our selves we'll treat,
Champain our Liquor and *Ragoust's* our Meat.
Then hand in hand we'll go to *Court*, dear *Cuz*,
To visit *Bishop Martin*, and *King Buz*.
With *Ev'ning Wheels* we'll drive about the *Park*,
Finish at *Locker's* and reel home i'th dark.
Break clatt'ring Windows and demolish Doors
Of *English Manufactures—Pimps, and Whores*.

Page 63.

† *Poeta Loquitar.*

B 3

Johns.

Johns. Methinks a Pimp or a Whore, is an odd sort of a *Manufacture*, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. I call 'em so, to give the *Parliament* a hint not to suffer so many of 'em to be exported, to the Decay of Trade at Home.

With these Allurements Spotted did invite
From Hermit's Cell, the Female Proselyte.

*Oh! With what ease we follow such a Guide,
Where Souls are starv'd, and Senses Gratify'd.*

Now would not you think she's going?
I'gad, you're mistaken ;| you shall hear a long
Argument about Infallibility, before she stirs yet.

But here the *White*, by observation wise, Pag. 96.

Who long on Heaven had fixt her prying Eyes,

With thoughtful Countenance, and grave Remark,
Said, or my Judgment fails me, or 'tis dark.

Lest therefore we should stray, and not go right
Thro' the brown horror of the starless Night.

Hast thou *Infallibility*, that *Wight*? Pag. 37. }

Sternly the Savage grinn'd, and thus relpy'd:

That Mice may err, was never yet deny'd.

That I deny, said the immortal Dame,

There is a Guide--'Gad I've forgot his Name, P. 37.

Who lives in *Heaven or Rome*, the Lord knows where,

Had we but him, Sweet-heart, we could nor err.

But hark you, Sister, this is but a Whim;

For still we want a *Guide* to find out Him. ‡

‡ Spotted-Mouse, Loquitar,

Here you see I don't trouble my self to keep on the Narration, but write *White speaks*, or *Dapple speaks* by the side. But when I get any noble thought which I envy a *Mouse* should say, I clap it down in my own Person with a *Poeta Loquitur*; which take notice, is a surer sign of a fine thing in my writings, than a Hand in the Margin any where else. Well now says *White*,

Page 69.

What need we find Him? we have certain proof That he is some where, *Dame*, and that's enough: For if there is a *Guide* that knows the way, Altho' we know not him, we cannot stray.

That's true. I gad: Well said *White*. You see her Adversary has nothing to say for her self, and therefore to confirm the Victory, she shall make a *Simile*.

Smith. Why then I find Similes are as good after Victory, as after a Surprize.

Bayes. Every Jot, I'gad, or rather better. Well, she can do it two Ways, either about *Emission*, or *Reception* of Light, or else about *Epsom-Waters*, but I think the last is most familiar; therefore speak, my pretty one.

Page 37.

As though 'tis controverted in the *School*,
If *Waters* pass by *Urine* or by *Stool*.
Shall we who are *Philosophers*, thence gather
From this dissention that they work by neither.?

And I'gad, she is in the right on't; but mind now, she comes upon her swop!

All this I did your Arguments to try.

And I'gad if they had been never so good, this next line confutes 'em.

Hear, and be dumb, thou Wretch, *that Guide am I.*
Page 54.

There's a surprize for you now! How sneakingly t'other looks? Was not that pretty now, to make her ask for a Guide first, and then tell her she was one? who could have thought that this little *Moufe* had the *Pope* and a whole *General Council* in her Belly? Now *Dapple* had nothing to say to this; and therefore you'll see she grows peevish!

Come leave your Cracking Tricks, and as they say, Use not, that Barber that trims Time, Delay; P.101.

Which I'gad is new, and my own.

I've Eyes as well as you to find the way.

Then on they jogg'd, *and since an hour of talk*
Might cut a Banter *on the tedious Walk*;

As I remember said the sober Moufe,

I've heard much talk of the *Wits Coffee-house*.

Thither, says *Brindle*, thou shalt go, and see

Priests sipping *Coffee*, *Sparks* and *Poets Tea*;

Here rugged *Freeze*, there, *Quality* well drest,

These bawling the *Grand Signior*; those the *Test*.

And

And here shrew'd guesses made, and reasons given
That Human Laws were never made in Heaven. P. 111

But above all, what shall oblige thy sight,
And fill thy Eye-Balls with a vast delight;
Is the *Poetic Judge* of sacred *Wit*,

Who do's i'th' darkness of his glory sit.

And as the Moon who first receives the light, P. 28.

With which she makes these nether Regions bright;

So does he shine reflecting from afar,

The Rays he borrowed from a better Star:

For Rules which from *Corneille* and *Rapin* flow,

Admir'd by all the Scribling Herd below.

From *French Tradition* while he does dispence,

Unerring Truths, 'tis Schism a damn'd offence,

To question his, or trust your private Sense.

Hah! is not that right, Mr. *Johnson*? I'gad forgive me, he is fast asleep! O the damned stupidity of this Age! asleep! Well, Sir, since you're so drowsy, your humble Servant.

Johns. Nay, pray Mr. *Bayes*, Faith I heard you all the while. *The White Mouse*.

Bayes. The *White Mouse*! ay, ay, I thought how you heard me. Your Servant, Sir, your Servant.

Johns. Nay, Dear *Bayes*, Faith I beg thy Pardon, I was up late last Night, Prithee lend me a little Snuff, and go on.

Bayes. Go on! Pox I don't know where I was, well I'll begin here; mind now they are both come to Town.

B 5

But

But now at *Piccadilly* they arrive,
 And taking Coach t'wards *Temple-Bar* they drive
 But at *St. Clement's Church*, eat out the Back,
 And slipping thro' the *Palsgrave*, bilkt poor *Hack*.

There's the *Utile*, which ought to be in all Poetry, many a young *Templar* will save his Shilling by this Stratagem of my *Mice*.

Smith. Why, will any young *Templar* eat out the back of a Coach?

Bayes. No, I'gad, but you'll grant it is mighty Natural for a *Mouse*.

Thence to the *Devil* and ask'd if *Chanticleer*,
 Of *Clergy kind*, or Counsellor *Chough* was there;
 Or *Mr. Dove*, a *Pigeon* of Renown, Page 133.
 By his high *Crop*, and corny *Gizzard* known, P. 126.
 Or *Sister Partlet*, with the hooded head; P. 130.
 No, Sir, She's booted hence, said *Will*, and fled.
 Why so? Because she would not pray a-Bed.

Johns. aside. 'Sdeath! who can keep awake at such stuff? Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, lend me your Box again.

Bayes. Mr. *Johnson*, how d'ye like that Box? Pray take notice of it, 'twas given me by a *Person* of Honour for looking over a Paper of Verses; and indeed I, put in all the Lines that were worth any thing, in the whole Poem. Well but where were we? Oh! here they are, just going up stairs into the *Apollo*; from whence my

my *White* takes occasion to talk very well of *Tradition*,

Thus to the place where *Johnson* sat we climb,
Leaning on the same rail that guided him;
And whilst we thus on equal Helps rely,
Our Wit must be as true, our Thoughts as high.
For as an *Author* happily compares Page 45.
Tradition to a well fixt pair of *Stairs*,
So this the *Scala Sancta* we believe,
By which his *Traditive Genius* we receive.
Thus ev'ry step I take, my Spirits soar,
And I grow more a *Wit*, and more and more.

There's humour! Is not that the liveliest Image
in the World of a *Monse's* going up a pair of *Stairs*.
More a Wit, and more, and more?

Smith. Mr. *Bayes*, I beg your Pardon heartily,
I must be rude, I have a particular Engagement
at this time, and I see you are not near an end
yet.

Bayes. Gadfokers! sure you won't serve me
so: All my finest Descriptions and best Discourse
is yet to come.

Smith. Troth, Sir, if 'twere not an Extraordi-
nary concern I could not leave you.

Bayes. Well; but you shall take a little
more; and here I'll pass over two dainty *Epi-*
sodes of Swallows, Swifts, Chickens, and Buz-
zards.

Johns. I know not why they should come in,
except to make yours the longest *Fable* that ever
was told.

Bayes. Why the excellence of a *Fable* is in the length of it. *Æsop* indeed, like a slave as he was, made little, short, simple Stories; with a dry moral at the End of 'em; and could not form any noble Design. But here I give you *Fable* upon *Fable*; and after you are satisfyed with Beasts in the first Course, serve you up a delicate Dish of Fowl for the second; now I was at all this pains to abuse one particular Person; for I'gad, I'll tell you what a Trick he served me. I was once Translating a *Varillas*. very good *French Author*, but being something long about it; as you know a Man is not always in the Humour, what does this *Jack* do, but puts out an Answer to my Friend before I had half finished the Translation: So there was three whole Months lost upon his Account. But I think I have my revenge on him sufficiently, for I let
 Page 137. all the World know, that he is a tall, broad-back'd, lusty Fellow, of a brown Complexion, fair Behaviour, a Fluent Tongue, and taking amongst the *Women*; and to top it all, that he's much a *Scholar*, more a *Wit*, and owns but two *Sacraments*. Don't you think this Fellow will hang himself? But besides I have so nickt his Character in a Name as will make you split.. I call him——I'gad, I won't tell you unless you remember what I said of him.

Smith. Why that he was much a *Scholar*, and more a *Wit*,

Bayes. Right, and his Name is *Buzzard*, ha! ha! ha.

Johns. Very proper indeed, Sir.

Bayes.

Bayes. Nay, I have a farther fetch in it yet than perhaps you imagine ; for his true Name begins with a *B*, which makes me slyly contrive him this, to begin with the same Letter. There's a pretty device, Mr. *Johnson* ; I learned it, I must needs confess, from that ingenious sport, I love my Love with an *A*, because she's *Amiable* ; and if you cou'd but get a knot of merry fellows together, you shall see how *little Bayes* would top 'em all at it I'gad.

Smith. Well but good Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, I must leave you, I'm half an Hour past my time.

Bayes. Well, I've done, I've done. Here are eight hundred Verses upon a rainy Night, and a Bird's-Nest ; and here's three hundred more, translated from two *Paris Gazettes*, in which the *Spotted Monse* gives an account of the Treaty of Peace between the *Czar of Muscovy*, and the *Emperor*, which is a piece of News, *White* does not believe, and this is her Answer. I am resolved you shall hear it, for in it I have taken occasion to prove *Oral Tradition* better than *Scripture*. Now you must know, 'tis sincerely my Opinion, that it had been better for the World, if we ne'er had had any *Bibles* at all.

E'er that *Gazette* was printed, said the *White*, P. 50.

Our *Robin* told another Story quite ;

This *Oral Truth* more safely I believ'd,

My Ears cannot, your Eyes may be deceiv'd.

By word of Mouth unerring Maxims flow,

And *Preaching's* best, if understood, or no.

Words, I confess, *bound by, and trip so light*, P. 3.
We have no time to take a steady sight;
 Yet fleeting thus are plainer than when Writ,
 To long Examination they submit.

Hard things—Mr. *Smith*, if these two Lines
 don't recompence your stay, ne'er trust *John Bayes*
 again.

Hard things at the first Blush are clear and full,
God mends on second thoughts, but Man grows dull.
 Page 15.

I'gad, I judge of all Men by my self, 'tis so
 with me, I never strove to be very exact in any
 thing but I spoiled it.

Smith. But allowing your Character to be true,
 is it not a little too severe?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, these general
 reflections are daring, and favour most of a *noble*
Genius, that spares neither *Friend* or *Foe*.

Johns. Are yon never afraid of a drubbing for
 that *daring* of your *noble Genius*?

Bayes. Afraid! why *Lord* you make so much
 of a beating, I'gad, 'tis no more to me than a Flea-
 biting. No, no, If I can but be witty upon 'em,
 let em e'en lay on, I'faith, I'll ne'er baulk my fancy
 to save my Carcass. Well, but we must dispatch,
Mr. Smith.

Thus did they merrily carouse all Day,
And like the gaudy fly, their Wings display;
And sip the sweets, and bask in great Apollo's Ray. }

Well,

Well, there's an End of the Entertainment, and Mr. *Smith*, if your affairs would have permitted, you wou'd have heard the best *Bill of Fare* that ever was serv'd up in *Heroicks*: But here follows a dispute shall recommend itself, I'll say nothing for it. For *Dapple*, who you must know was a *Protestant*, all this while trusts her own Judgment, and Foolishly dislikes the Wine; upon which our *Innocent* does so run her down, that she has not one Word to say for herself, but what I put in her Mouth; and I'gad you may imagine they won't be very good ones, for she has disobligh'd me, like an *Ingrate*.

Sirrab, says *Brindle*, thou hast brought us Wine, Sour to my Taste, and to my Eyes unfine. Says *Will*, all *Gentlemen* like it; ah! says *White*, What is approv'd by them, must needs be right. 'Tis true, I thought it bad, but if the House P. 38. Commend it, I submit, a private *Mouſe*.

Mind that, mind the *Decorum*, and Deference, which our *Mouſe* pays to the Company.

Nor to the *Catholick* consent oppose
My erring Judgment and reforming Nose.

Ah! ah! there she has nick'd her, that's up to the Hilt, I'gad, and you shall see *Dapple* resents it.

Why,

Why, what a Devil, than't I trust my Eyes?
 Must I drink *Stum* because the *Rascal* lyes?
 And *palms* upon us *Catholick* consent,
 To give *sophisticated Brewings* vent.
 Says *White*, what ancient Evidence can sway, P. 5.
 If you must Argue thus, and not obey?
Drawers must be trusted, thro' whose hands (convey'd
 You take the *Liquor*, or you spoil the *Trade*.
 For sure those *Honest Fellows* have no knack,
 Of putting off *stum'd* *Claret* for *Pontac*.
 How long, alas! would the poor *Vintner* last,
 If all that drink must judge and ev'ry *Guest*
 Be allowed to have an understanding *Taste*?
Thus she: Nor could the *Panther* well enlarge,
With weak defence, against so strong a Charge.

There I call her a *Panther*, because she's
 spotted, which is such a blot to the *Reformation*,
 as I warrant 'em they will never claw off,
 I'gad.

But with a *weary Tawn* that shew'd her pride,
 Said, *Spotless* was a *Villain*, and she ly'd.
White saw her *canker'd Malice* at that Word,
 And said her *Pray'rs*, and drew her *Delphic Sword*.
 T'other cry'd *Murther*, and her *Rage* restrain'd:
And thus her passive Character maintain'd.
 But now alas! —

Mr.

Mr. *Johnson*, pray mind me this ; Mr. *Smith*,
I'll ask you to stay no longer, for this that follows
is so engaging ; hear me but two Lines, I'gad, and
go away afterwards if you can.

But now, alas ! I grieve, I grieve to tell
What sad mischance these pretty things besel.
These Birds of Beasts——

There's a tender expression, *Birds of Beasts* :
'Tis the greatest Affront that you can put upon any
Bird, to call it, *Beast of a Bird* : And a *Beast* is
so fond of being called a *Bird*, as you can't ima-
gin. Page 129.

These Birds of Beasts, these learned Reas'ning *Mice*, }
Were separated banish'd in a trice, }
Who would be learned for their sakes, who wise ? }

Ay, who indeed ? there's a *Patbos*, I'gad Gen-
tlemen, if that won't move you, nothing will, I
can assure you : But here's the sad thing I was a-
fraid of.

The *Constable* alarmed by this Noise,
Enter'd the Room, directed by the voice,
And speaking to the *Watch with head aside*, P. 135.
Said, desperate Cures must be to desperate Ills apply'd.
These Gentlemen, for so their Fate decrees,
Can ne'er enjoy at once *the Butt and Peace*. P. 115.

When

When each have sep'rate Int'rests of their own, P. 144.

Two Mice are One too many for a Town.

By *Schism* they are torn and therefore, *Brother*,
Look you to One and I'll secure the t'Other.

Now whether *Dapple* did to *Bridewell* go,

Or in the *Stocks* all Night her Fingers blow,

Page 98.

Or in the *Compter* lay, *concerns not us to know.*

But the *immortal* Matron, *spotless* White,

Forgetting *Dapple's* Rudeness, Malice, Spight,

Look'd kindly back, and wept and said *Good*

(*Night.*)

Ten thousand Watchmen waited on this *Mouse*,

Page 145.

With Bills, and Halberds, to her *Country-House*.

This last Contrivance I had from a judicious Author, that makes *Ten thousand Angels* wait upon his *Hind*, and she asleep too, I'gad.——

Johns. Come, let's see what we have to pay?

Bayes. What a Pox, are you in such haste?
You han't told me how you like it.

Johns. O! extreamly well. Here, Drawer.



A

POEM

On the DEATH of
MATTHEW PRIOR Esq;
OF
DOWN-HALL in ESSEX.

By a Neighbouring CLERGYMAN.

Written Anno Dom. 1721.

IS PRIOR gone? O would you once inspire
Celestial NINE, a stranger to your Quire!
While I this melancholy Theme pursue,
And pay my last Respects to *Him* and *You*.

Alas! How soon ends all our Joy in Woe,
Which your Arrival gave not long ago!
When the great Poet humbly laid aside
His glitt'ring Robes of State, and Courtier's Pride
And lowly deign'd with Rusticks to reside.
So PHÆBUS God of Verse, once in Disguise
Abode with Shepherds, Banish'd from the Skies.

Vast

Vast Hopes we then conceiv'd, and vainly guess'd
 That now *Down-Hall* wou'd be for ever blest,
 And soon all other *Country Seats* out-shine,
 As being the *Muses Seat*, and rais'd by Hands Divine.
 The Trees around shou'd grow in Verse sublime;
 And the Shrill Brooks shou'd roll in Shriller Rhime:
 And what still rais'd our Expectations higher,
 You seem'd the Situation to admire.
 The *Hill* was advantagious to your Flight;
 The *Grove* to sing the *Nut-brown-Maid's* Delight.
 Pleas'd with the Place, Poetick-Plans you drew
 Of Houses, Gardens, Walks in Paper View;
 And meas'ring all the Fields and Meads around,
 Describ'd the limits of your Hallow'd Ground.
 The *Grove* already made your Vistoes Ways,
 Longing to echo your immortal Lays.
 The *Hill* begun to rear his Head up High,
 And shortly thought with *Cooper's-Hill* to vie.
 But *All is Vain*. Alas! the Poet's Dead;
 The Wonder-working *Muses* too are Fled, (Head.
 And the Old tott'ring house nods down its mournful }
 O T H O U, the *Muses* greatest Friend and Heir,
 Lord *Harley*! for their sake, with pious Care
 Support its drooping Head; and let it stand
 The Poet's *Monument* in *Essex* Land:
 When future curious Trav'lers shall be told
 That, was the Famous *PRIOR's Seat* of old, }
 Which since, his Patron *HARLEY's* noble Race }
 (uphold. }
 That

That *All was Vain*, great PRIOR's lofty Tongue
In stile Heroick, had divinely Sung
Not long before. *All*, but his *Words* were vain,
They prov'd too true, and in Prophetick Strain.
Made by the Poet's Death his Subject out too Plain.

For *Vain* indeed, by Fate's severe Decree,
Thy Plans of Pleasure prov'd, *Great Man*, to THEE;
Since THOU art call'd in haste away to tread
The gloomy Walks and Vistoes of the Dead.
In vain didst thou thy *Summer House* project,
Death is providing thee an Architect
In HENRY'S ancient Dome that shall thy Tomb
(erect.

But when thy TOMB, as all things mortal must,
Sinks e'er a while, as THOU dost now to dust;
Thy *Deathless works* a Monument shall raise,
That will for ever last, and found thy Praise;
And not in *Westminster* alone proclaim,
But all the Land record PRIOR's immortal Fame.



AN
EPISTLE,
FROM THE
COUNTRY,
To his FRIEND in the
CITY.

By the same Hand 1722.

Fain would I, Sir, what You advis'd fulfil;
But find my Strength unequal to my will.
Fain would I Godlike HARLEY's Worth rehearse,
(Heroick Vertue in Heroick Verse.)
A Constellation of Perfections met
In one great Man which few could singly get.
The Scholar, Churchman, Patriot, Husband, Son,
Each shining in his Sphere, and *All* in ONE.

But choak'd with Phlegm, I strive to raise in vain
My feeble Voice to such a lofty strain.

In

In vain invoke the GOD of *Verse* and *Day*,
Where daily Fogs obstruct his Heav'nly Ray.
In vain the *tuneful Sisters* Aid implore,
Now PRIOR's gone, they'll visit Us no more.
In short from Scholars, Books and all remote,
That might improve or raise a lively Thought,
I, like my *Fellow-labourer* within
The *Spider*, from my self, my Web must spin,
A homely Web which could not were it made
Become a *Lord*, but in a *Masquerade*.

I might as well with *Laths* and sorry *Loam*
Attempt to raise my *Lord* a lofty *Dome* ;
As out of my poor Stock of Wit to frame
A Poem worth his Reading or his Name.
A Plowman's Journey or a Milkmaid's Fate
I may perhaps in Doggrel Rhimes relate,
Describe a Rooding-road, an *Essex-Fen*;
But noble Themes require a noble Pen,
A well-read Scholar both in Books and Men. }
One whose rich Vein with bright Ideas flows,
And, how to use them all with Judgment, knows,
Whose polish'd Lines, in nicest Order plac'd,
Tho often read ne'er cloy the nicest Taste.

But my poor scanty Genius can't afford
A proper Entertainment for my *Lord*.
A small Collection gather'd round the Fields
Of simple Images, is all it yields ;

Which

40 *An EPISTLE from the Country,*

Which shou'd I dress with utmost Skill and Care,
I shou'd but treat my *Lord* with *Farmer's Fare*.
My Muse to *Grubstreet-Dawbing* is confin'd
For want of Colours of a better kind;
And shou'd I paint with these, I should disgrace,
But not describe great HARLEY's Godlike Face.

Let POPE's harmonious Pen, that lately drew
So well the *Father*,† in the Son pursue
The noble Subject. Each deserves his Lays,
And each affords an endless Theme of Praise.
He need not search the Monuments of *Greece* }
For Tales of Antient Heroes, when he sees
Two living Heroes worth them All in These.
But my poor feeble Muse must lowly fly,
And leave sublimer Poets Tracks so high.

Besides whate'er my Genius once cou'd boast,
E'er it was shipwrack'd on this barren Coast,
When in my younger Years I did pursue
Some little Traffick with the World and You,
'Tis lost and gone: And rustick Prose and Phrase
Have long ago usurp'd the Muses Place.
Long have I liv'd in this forlorn Abode,
An Exile from the learned World abroad
A Pris'ner in a *Country-Cure* immur'd
The Term of Years the Siege of *Troy* endur'd;
And in these Years my Loss amounts to more
Than what I gain'd as many years before.

† See the *Dedication to Parnell's Poems*.

To his FRIEND in the City. 41

So that at best, I can but now produce
The sapless Product of a blasted Muse.
Exert the vain Efforts of Nature curst,
And stunted in the Growth, tho' weak at first.
A Fetter'd-wretch may Jingle in his Chain,
And so may I, but Jingle both in vain.

But what is worse. In *Essex* watry Plains
The GOD of *Dulness*, mopish HIPPO reigns:
Where Fogs exhal'd from Fens and Moats support
In gloomy Columns his *Fantastick Court*.
He seems a stupid Image made of Clay;
And talks by Starts, as Persons dreaming may.
He walks as if his Limbs were made of Lead,
And Vapours form a Circle round his Head.
A Circle, somewhat like, you often saw
About the Sun or Moon before a Thaw.
A Tyrant *He*, devoid of Sense or Shame,
That Chains, and Tortures, those he cannot blame;
And rules with such an Arbitrary Sway,
That all we have but Life is swept away.

His heavy Chains for several Years I bore,
And all *his* fancied Tortures o'er and o'er.
He seiz'd on all the little Stock I brought,
And left me scarce behind one sprightly Thought.
The Hand is manacled that guides my Pen,
As by the Slips you easily may Ken.

C

And

42 *An EPISTLE from the Country, &c.*

And you may soon perceive by what is writ,
How poor I am, and destitute of Wit.
But shou'd I now thus destitute proceed
To sing great HARLEY's Praise, I must be hipp'd
(indeed.

Tho' shou'd MINERVA still some Pity show
Or HARLEY her Lord-Treasurer below :
To whom she now the Care of All enjoins,
Her *Grecian*, *Latin*, and her *Modern* Coins.
From ev'ry Nation her Revenues come
To *Wimple-Library*, an endless Sum.
Shou'd they redeem me from the *Tyrant's* Hand,
Like *Slaves* from *Turky* to some *Christian Land*,
Where once again my Long-imprison'd Mind
Might labour for its Living unconfin'd.
Where my starv'd *Muse* might feed on better Fare,
And find Digestion in a purer Air : (Flight
Then wou'd *She* spread her Wings, and strain a
To reach, if possible, great HARLEY's height.
The bright Expansion of his Praise I'd try,
Altho' like ICARUS, by soaring high,
My Pinions dropt me headlong from the Sky. }



THRENUS:

OR,

STANZAS on the Death of Mr. PRIOR.

By ROBERT INGRAM Esq;

I.

*M*Att. Prior——and we must submit!
Is at his Journey's End:

In whom the World has lost a *Wit*;

And I, what's more, a *Friend*.

II.

Who vainly hopes long here to Stay,

May see with weeping Eyes;

Not only *Nature* posts-away,

But e'en *Good-Nature* dies!

III.

Shou'd grave *Ones* count these Praises light,

To such it may be said;

A *Man*, in this lamented *Wight*,

Of *Business* too is dead.

C 2

IV

IV.

From Ancestors, as might a Fool !
 He trac'd no *High-fetch'd Stem* ;
 But gloriously revers'd the Rule,
 By *Dignifying them*.

V.

O! gentle *Cambridge*! sadly say,
 Why Fates are so unkind?
 To snatch thy Giant-sons away,
 Whilst *Pygmies* stay behind,

VI.

Horace and *He* were call'd in haste,
 From this vile Earth to Heaven ;
 The cruel Year not fully past
Ætatis, Fifty-seven.

VII.

So on the Tops of *Lebanon*,
 Tall Cedars felt the Sword ;
 To grace by Care of *Solomon*,
 The Temple of the Lord.

VIII.

A Tomb, amidst the Learned, may
The Western-Abbey give!
Like Theirs, his Ashes must decay;
Like Theirs, his Fame shall live.

IX.

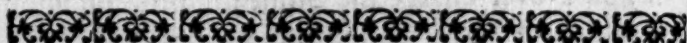
Close, Carver, by some well-cut Books,
Let a thin Busto tell;
In spite of plump and pamper'd Looks,
How scanty Sense can dwell!

X.

No Epitaph, of tedious Length,
Shou'd over-charge the Stone;
Since lofty'st Verse wou'd lose its Strength,
In mentioning his Own.

XI.

At once! and not Verbosely tame,
Some brave *Laconic*-Pen
Shou'd smartly touch his ample Name;
In form of ———— O RARE BEN!

THE
INSCRIPTIONUpon Mr. *PRIOR*'s*MONUMENT*IN
*WESTMINSTER-ABBET.**Composed by Dr. FREIND.*

Sui Temporis Historiam meditati

Paulatim obrepens Febris

Operis simul & Vitæ filum Abrupit.

Sept. 18. An: Dom: 1721. Ætat. 57.

H. S. E.

for MATTHEW PRIOR, *Esq*; 47

H. S. E.

Vir Eximius

Serenissimis

Regi GULIELMO Reginaq; MARIE

In Congressione Fœderatorum

Hagæ Anno 1690 Celebrata,

Deinde *Magnæ Britannia* Legatis

Tum ijs,

Qui Anno 1697 Pacem RYSWICKI confecerunt,

Tum ijs,

Qui apud Gallos annis proximis Legationem obierunt

Eodem etiam Anno 1697 in *Hibernia*

SECRETARIUS;

Nec non in utroq; Honorabili confessu

Eorum,

Qui Anno 1700 ordinandis Commercij negotiis

Quiq; Anno 1711 dirigendis Portorij rebus

Præsidebant,

COMMISSIONARIUS;

Postremo

Ab ANNA

Felicissimæ memoriæ Regina

Ad LUDOVICUM XIV. Gallia Regem

C 4

Missus

Missus Anno 1711.

De pace stabilienda,

(Pace etiamnum Durante

Diuq; ut boni jam omnes sperant Duratura)

Cum Summa potestate Legatus.



MATTHÆUS PRIOR Armiger

Qui

Hos omnes, quibus cumulatus est, Titulos

Humanitatis, Ingenij Eruditionis Laude

Superavit.

Cui enim nascenti faciles arriserant Musæ

Hunc Puerum Schola hic Regia perpoliuit,

Juvenem in Collegio Sti. *Johannis*

Cantabrigia optimis Scientijs instruxit;

Virum deniq; auxit & perfecit

Multa cum viris Principibus consuetudo;

Ita Natus, ita Institutus

A Vatum Choro avelli nunquam potuit,

Sed solebat sæpe rerum Civilium gravitatem

Amæniorum Literarum Studijs condire:

Et cum omne adeo Poetices genus

Haud

Haud infelicitè tentaret,
Tum in Fabellis concinne lepideq; texendis

Mirus Artifex

Neminem habuit parem.

Hæc liberalis animi oblectamenta;

Quam nullo Illi labore constiterint,

Facile ij perspexere, quibus usus est Amici;
Apud quos Urbanitatum & Leporum plenus

Cum ad rem, quæcunq; forte inciderat,

Apte variè copioseq; alluderet,

Interea nihil quæsitum, nihil vi expressum

Videbatur,

Sed omnia ultro effluere,

Et quasi jugi è fonte affatim exuberare

Ita Suos tandem dubios reliquit,

Effetne in Scriptis, Poeta Elegantior,

An in Convictu, Comes Jucundior.

THE

THE INSCRIPTION

Attempted in *ENGLISH*.

Whilst he was writing
The *History* of his own Times,
A lingering Fever
Snapt the Thread of his Work and Life together,
On the 18th Day of Sept. 1721,
In the 57th Year of his Age.

Here lies Interred that excellent Man,
Who was Secretary to their most Serene Majesties
King WILLIAM and Queen MARY
At the Congress of the *Allies* held at the *Hague*, 1690.

He was thence,
Appointed Secretary
To Those Ambassadors of *Great-Britain*
Who concluded the Peace of *Reswick*, 1697.
He was likewise Secretary
To the two succeeding Embassies in *France*.

for MATTHEW PRIOR, *Esq;* 31

And also in the Year 1697.

Secretary of State in the Kingdom of *Ireland*.

In the Year 1700.

He was appointed One of the Lords Commissioners
Of *Trade and Plantations*.

And in the Year 1711,

Made One of the *Commissioners* of the *Customs*;
And lastly,

Sent by her Majesty Queen ANNE,
(of blessed Memory)

In the Year 1711,

Plenipotentiary-Minister to LEWIS XIV. King of *France*,

With the Fullest Powers to Establish the *Peace*,

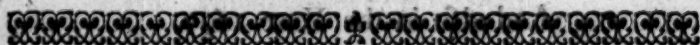
(A *Peace* to this Day *Lasting*,

And which,

That it may long *Last*,

Is the wish of all Good Men.)

MATTHEW



MATTHEW PRIOR, *Esq;*

Who surpass'd all the Characters

With which he was Invested,

By the force of his Genius,

And the Politeness of his Erudition;

At whose Birth the gentle Muses

Smiled propitious.

The *Literature* of this *Royal Foundation*

Train'd up, and Embellish'd Him while a Boy:

St. JOHN'S College in *Cambridge*

Endowed and furnish'd his *ripening Years*

With its brightest Sciences;

And at last,

A long and intimate Conversation

With the most Illustrious Persons

Improv'd and finish'd the *Man*.

Thus Born, thus Educated,

He could never be withdrawn

From the *Choir* of the *Muses*;

But was often accustomed

To Alleviate and Sweeten

for MATTHEW PRIOR Esq; 55

The Fatigue of his *Publick Employments*,

By a retreat to Studies

More Inviting, and Delightfom:

And after performing, almost

Every *Species* of *Poetry* with Success,

In the agreeable and happy Manner

Of Contriving and Delivering *his Tales*,

This *wonderful Artist* found no Equal.

The unlabour'd Delicacy,

With which he toyed in these Amusements,

Was easily observed by all

Whom he received into his Friendship:

In whose Company,

If any Subject of Humour casually occurred,

He would treat it,

Being full of Wit and Pleasantry,

With the most Copious, Suitable, Sprightly,

And Beautiful Turns,

Nothing appearing to be either Studied, or Forced,

But all freely rising from his Invention,

And flowing, as from an Inexhaustible Fountain.

So, that among his Acquaintance,

It is a matter of Doubt,

Whether

Whether in his *Writings*,
He was the more elegant *Poet* :

Or, in his *Conversation*
The more facetious *Companion*.



EPITAPH *made Extempore by Himself.*

Statesmen, and *Heralds*, by your leave,
Here lies the BONES of MATTHEW PRIOR ;
The SON of ADAM and of EVE,
Can BOURBON, or NASSAU, go higher?

4



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N. B. This was, printed from the Original MS. in Mrs. Drift's Hand.

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